

A POETICAL APPEAL.

O you who labor not yourself,
But live on thrift of others;
Remember that all your ease got pelf
Was earned by toil of brothers.
Because to work you have no need
Must they forever slave it?
Their holiday would give your greed,
But they propose to save it.

THE WORLD, their champion, and "The Right,"
Their war cry in this battle,
They'll prove the victors in the fight—
They're human and not cattle.
Their holiday they will preserve
With present legislation.
With rest the gainst they'll better serve
Employers and the nation.

JOHN O'CONNOR.

STATEN ISLAND DRIFT.

Jerry Baker is the proprietor of a sporting hotel at Tompkinsville.
Will Carmichael, the forger, is about to begin the study of "Venus," it is said.
Fred. Kent is a happy member of the Niagara House Company of Tompkinsville.
Edward Doris, of Port Richmond, is fond of wearing a rose on the lapel of his coat.
John Sinnot is a favorite with New York business men who drop tickets into his box at the Clinton depot.
Gus Weidling, of Tompkinsville, thinks highly of the aristocratic merit of the striped pole in front of his barber-shop.
Inspector Cobb, of the West New Brighton police, has one good work in protecting the property of residents of the village.
George Egbert caused mild surprise among his friends when the word "haberdasher" appeared on his sign in Tompkinsville.

WORLDINGS.

[G]ov. Beekman, of Kentucky, is a veteran smoker who finds more solace in a pipe than a cigar. He is rarely seen without a coo pipe in his mouth.
There are more people of foreign birth in Milwaukee and fewer in Atlanta, in proportion to the size of the places, than in any other cities in the country.
Two conductors on the Marietta and North Georgia Railroad have been suspended from duty for twenty days each for kindling fires in car stoves with oil.
A Cynthiana (Ky.) boy recently received an appointment as elevator boy in one of the department buildings in Washington, and of twelve Kentucky papers that mentioned the appointment eleven described him as "clerk of the elevator."

At the trial of a Wooster (O.) man for murder, it was brought out in the course of the testimony that at the outbreak of the war he had himself convicted of stealing sheep in order that he might avoid military service by going to the penitentiary.

Aunt Hannah Cary, a negro woman living at Montevallo, Ala., is 110 years old, as is proven by the slave records of her former master. She is a native of Africa. She gained her second sight some time ago and is now cutting a new set of teeth.

Herbert Lord, of Lebanon Centre, Me., threw a big Baldwin apple at his playmate, Eddie Davis, striking him a violent blow on the temple. Davis fell to the ground unconscious and died shortly afterwards. Lord will be arraigned in the police court for manslaughter.

During the great blizzard in the West 225 sheep were buried in the snow at Harding's ranch, near Atkinson, Neb., and were given up as dead. When they were dug out a few days ago thirteen were found to be still alive. They had eaten the wool from each other's backs.

Senator Beck, of Kentucky, is just fifty-six years old, but he does not appear to be over fifty. He is a stoutly built man, with a big Scotch head, a ruddy complexion, chin whiskers of a silvery gray and a vigorous moustache. He is a tireless worker in the committee-room and is looked on as an encyclopedia of knowledge in financial matters.

There are 141 veterans of the civil war in the National House of Representatives of whom fifty-eight were Confederate and eighty-three Union soldiers. The seven members from Mississippi all fought in the Confederate army, and they are matched by the seven Representatives from Kansas, all of whom served their time in the Union army.

"The Evening World" Ahead.
In the contest among the newspapers inaugurated by A. H. King & Co. the record of answers to their advertisements stood:
EVENING WORLD..... 51
Evening Sun..... 29
Which speaks for itself.

What will you ask to take a trunk to the depot?

"I told her I couldn't do it for less than \$1. They was my rates, and I had a family to support. Then she said:

"Come to No., then, this evening at 10 o'clock, and you will get the trunk."

"Are you going with it?" I asked her.

"No," she said, pretty quick like, "I will go in a carriage and get it at the depot. I'll pay you now, and then you won't have to delay any at the house, except just to get the trunk."

"She gave me a five-dollar bill, and I handed her back \$4. I took down the address, so as not to forget it. When I asked her for the name she said: 'The number is enough, if you've got that right. There's no need of any name. You're paid now, aren't you?'

"All right, ma'am," said I, "I'll be there."

"So I started for the house at 9.30. It was a white house with a narrow front. It looked as if it was marble. I rang the bell. A servant girl opened the door.

"I've come for the trunk," said I to her.

"All right. It's down in the basement. Go down to the basement door, and I'll open it for you."

"I went down the steps and she opened the door.

"There it is," said she. "I'll help you. There's books in it and it's heavy."

"We got the trunk out and into the wagon and I took it to the depot. The woman wasn't there, so I left it and came away. There was a piece of paper stuck on the trunk, with 'Chicago, Illinois' printed on it. So I supposed she could find it when she went to get it checked.

"That is my part in the business. When I heard about the trunk that had been at the station two days and hadn't been called for, and that a young woman was found dead in it, I thought of the trunk I had carried there on Saturday. I've seen the trunk, and I think it's the one I took. It looks just like it. Now, that's all I know about it, Warden. I don't want to get into any scrape over the thing," the man added.

"Don't you be afraid," I said, reassuringly. "You won't get into any trouble, but your story is important. Now I want you to come with me to the police and tell them just what you have told me. This is the first clue we have got in the case, and it may lead to the conviction of the guilty parties. Why didn't you come before and tell what you know?"

"Because I was afraid I would get into trouble, and I didn't want my family to suffer. But I kept thinking about the thing, and reading in the papers so much about what a pity it was he couldn't be found and what I felt as if I ought to tell what I

A SAD CASE.

The Story of a Trunk Murder.

When
Thomas S. Brennan,
now a Commissioner of Public Charities and Correction, was Warden at Bellevue.

PART II.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)

HE man turned his hat around in his hands and shifted from one leg to the other before he spoke. He did not seem inclined to say what he came for. I waited patiently till he should find his tongue.

At last he said: "Warden, I've got something to say, but you must promise me you won't say nothin' unless I say you can."

"Well, don't be afraid. Speak out. I'll not do you any injury, you can rest assured."

"This 'ere body that was found in a trunk," he continued, with even more diffidence than before, "I think I know something about it. I've looked at the trunk, and I believe I am the driver what brought it to the station. But I didn't know what was in it, so help me God," he continued earnestly.

"Now, 'tain't fair that I should get into any trouble over this thing, Warden Brennan. I'm a married man, with a family, and they depend on me for my support. If anything should happen to me it would go pretty hard with them."

"If you are innocent in the matter, what have you got to be afraid of?" I asked in an encouraging tone.

"Will you stand by me, Warden, if I tell all I know about the thing, and see nothin' done to me?" he returned nervously.

"Why, certainly, if you're innocent I'll do all I can to see that you are not put to any inconvenience," I answered. "But you ought to tell all you know, so that the guilt may be brought home to the persons to whom it belongs."

"Well, then," said the driver, "I'll tell you all I know about the thing. I drive a baggage-wagon. My stand is at Twenty-ninth street and Third avenue. My name is William Tuttle. I was standing by my wagon last Saturday afternoon when a woman came walking by. She looked at my wagon and then at me. Then she said to me:

"Are you the man that drives this wagon?"

"Yes, ma'am," said I.

"How much would you ask to take a trunk for me to the Hudson River Railroad Depot?"

"Where from?" I said.

"No.—Second avenue," she said.

"One dollar," said I.

"Can't you do it for half a dollar?" she said.

"No, ma'am," said I.

"All right, ma'am," said I, "I'll be there."

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knew and I didn't see how they could fix anything on me. I didn't know what was in the trunk. Everything seemed straight enough at the time."

"The man went with me to the police and told them his story. They saw its importance at once.

"Could you tell the house if you saw it again?" he was asked.

"Yes. And anyhow I've got the address in my notebook," he replied.

He was taken to the neighborhood and asked which house it was. He at once selected a narrow front marble dwelling.

"That is the house," he said.

The number corresponded with the one in his notebook which the woman had given him. A small sign in the window of the first floor said: "Dr. James Thornbury." Inquiry at the house showed that he was not at home. Tuttle failed to identify the servant girl. The house was handsomely furnished. The second floor had several bedrooms on it. In one of them was the wife of the doctor, with an infant child in the cradle by the side of her bed. She was ill and was very much agitated at the sight of men looking around the house. Her daughter was a girl of fourteen.

The servant girl said that ladies "under treatment" occasionally would remain at the house over night or lodge there for a week. She didn't know of any one who had been there lately. The driver had mistaken the house evidently because only the doctor's wife and daughter and herself were there, and no trunk had been sent away.

The young girl was curious to know what the matter was.

"Do you read the papers?" some one asked her. The ladies had been teeming with the story for a week, and it seemed incredible that she should not have heard of the thing.

"Papa doesn't let me read the papers. Sometimes I read a story paper, but he don't like mamma and me to read the daily papers. He says they are a miserable lot, the whole of them."

The wife and girl were evidently sincere, but the servant seemed to be playing a bluff game. She was too sure of not knowing anything about the whole business.

(Concluded To-morrow.)

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 28, 1898.

A BIG RELIGIOUS REVIVAL.

THE BOY PREACHER DRAWING CROWDS AT PASTOR MERRITT'S CHURCH.

One of the most successful revivals seen in this city in many years has been conducted by the Rev. Thomas Harrison, assisted by fifty New York Ministers—a Jubilee service to be held next week.

Never in the last forty years has there been a revival of religious interest comparable with that now at its fever heat among the Methodists of the diocese of New York, provided over by the Rev. A. J. Palmer, Presiding Elder.

The scene of this great reawakening is the Jane Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and the building of the Rev. Stephen Merritt's congregation, a plain, unadorned brick structure, like the good followers of John Wesley, has been literally packed with seekers and saviors for the past five weeks.

Meetings have been held each afternoon and evening during that time, and nearly five hundred penitents have sought the church.

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CHURCH OF ST. AGNES.

History of One of the Younger Parishes and a Sketch of Its Pastor.

One of the handsomest of the Catholic Church edifices recently erected in this city is that of St. Agnes,

which is located in East Forty-third street.

The founder of the parish is the Rev. Henry Cummings Macdowell, who was designated by the Archbishop in 1873 to carry out the limits of the new parish.

The first services were held July 13, 1873. It was not long afterwards that the present site in Forty-third street was acquired and the building of the church commenced, and from that time pushed rapidly forward.

The basement was completed and roofed over first on Jan. 11, 1874, was dedicated by the venerable Archbishop McCloskey.

For four years the services of the church were held in this place, and the Sunday school organized and placed upon a proper basis while the completion of the building was going forward. Several fairs were given by the parish to raise money, and the church was finally ready for dedication on May 6, 1877.

The ceremony was performed by Cardinal McCloskey, assisted by Bishop O'Hara, Bishop Spaulding, of Peoria; Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton; Bishop Corrigan, of Newark, now Archbishop of New York, and Bishop Lavelle, of Buffalo.

Architecturally speaking the building belongs to the Norman Gothic style, the plans being supervised by the pastor, who had made a carefully studied plan of architecture during his travels in Europe. It is built upon solid